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BY MOORE
& FREEMAN

COLLINS &
BREYFOGLE

ANNUAL

BATMAN

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11
1987



VILLAINS
IN LOVE!





LISTEN, WHY
DON'T YOU
STIFLE
YOURSELF?

I LAUGH. THAT'S A GOOD ONE.
YOU HAVE TO HAND IT TO CARROLL
O'CONNOR... HE'S A GOOD COMEDIAN.
I THINK THE THINGS HE SAYS ARE
FUNNY AND CLEVER.

HELENA DOESN'T
LAUGH. TOO LOW-
BROW FOR HER
TASTES.



IF I LAUGH AT
SOMETHING, SHE
DOESN'T. IT'S HER
WAY OF SHOWING
THAT SHE'S MORE
DISCERNING THAN ME.

HER SILENCE HAS A DISDAINFUL
EDGE TO IT THESE DAYS. DO ALL
WOMEN GET THAT WAY EVENTUALLY?

IT'S FUNNY... WE USED TO BE SO MUCH IN LOVE, AND
ALL WE WANTED WAS A NORMAL LIFE, A PLACE WHERE
WE COULD BE TOGETHER...



NOW THAT WE'VE GOT
ALL THAT, THE LOVE
HAS GONE.

FUNNY.

I OPEN ANOTHER BEER... I'LL
HAVE TO WATCH THE BEER, I'M
GETTING A PAUNCH... AND LET
"ALL IN THE FAMILY" FADE INTO
THE BACKGROUND.



I THINK ABOUT ME
AND HELENA. ABOUT
OUR LIFE TOGETHER...

...AND I STILL CAN'T
IMAGINE WHERE IT ALL
WENT WRONG.



MORTAL CLAY

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I LOVED HER...AND YES, I
KNOW THERE WERE OTHERS WHO
LOVED HER TOO, BUT WE'VE BEEN
THROUGH ALL THAT. THAT'S IN
THE PAST NOW.

THOSE OTHERS...THEY
NEVER LOVED HER LIKE
I LOVED HER.

MY GOD, I WAS PREPARED TO DIE
FOR HER! WHEN OUR FIRST
HOUSE BURNED DOWN I RAN
BACK INTO THE FLAMES TO
RESCUE HER!

WOULD HER BABY-FACED
SECURITY GUARD HAVE DONE
THAT FOR HER?

INSIDE, I REMEMBER THE
FLAMES AND THE MELTING
FACES, EYES CRACKING, NOSE
SLIDING DOWN OVER THE LIPS
AND CHIN...

I TRIED TO FIND HER. I
DID. BUT THE FLAMES...
I COULDN'T STAY IN THERE...

WHEN I CRASHED
OUT OF THE REAR
WINDOW, ALL ON FIRE,
I WAS SCREAMING
HER NAME.

DOES SHE THINK I DIDN'T
EVEN TRY TO FIND HER?
IS THAT WHAT SHE THINKS?

THE MUSEUM OVERLOOKED THE RIVER.

I WENT INTO THE WATER, AND I FORGOT
ABOUT EVERYTHING...

...EXCEPT
HER.



HELENA?



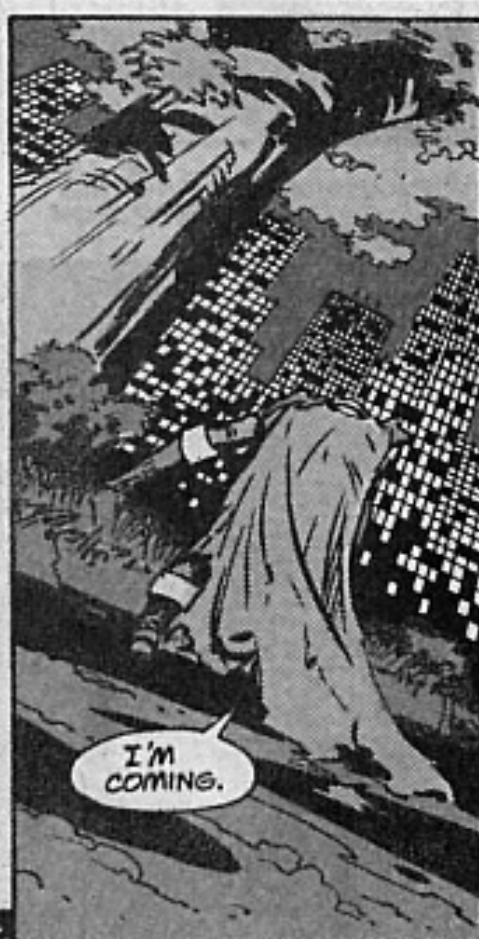
HELENAAAAA?

WHERE HAVE THEY TAKEN
YOU? THE MAN IN THE
CLOAK? WAS IT HIM?

OH GOD.

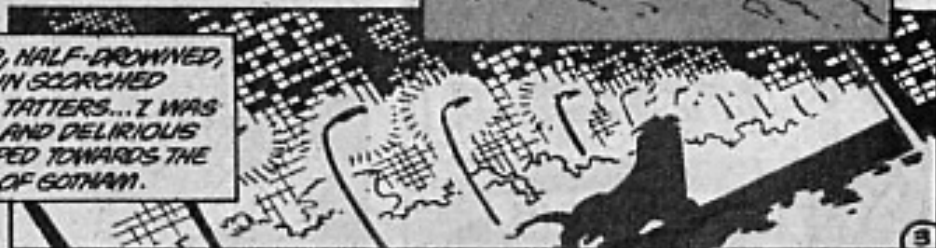


OH GOD,
DON'T WORRY,
HELENA...



I'M
COMING.

BURNED, HALF-DROWNED,
DRESSED IN SCORCHED
CRIMSON TATTERS... I WAS
SOBBING AND DELIRIOUS
AS I LIMPED TOWARDS THE
LIGHTS OF GOTHAM.



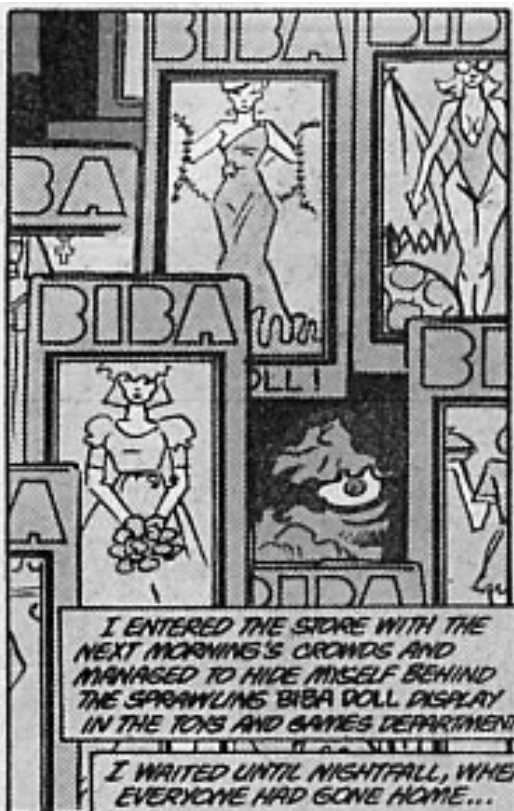


AND ON SOME NIGHTS, I SAW HIS SIGN IN THE SKY, BRANDED UPON THE CLOUDS.



EVENTUALLY, I FOUND HER. SHE WAS IN THE WINDOW AT ROSENDALES.





I ENTERED THE STORE WITH THE NEXT MORNING'S CROWDS AND MANAGED TO HIDE MYSELF BEHIND THE SPRAWLING BIBA DOLL DISPLAY IN THE TOYS AND GAMES DEPARTMENT.

I WAITED UNTIL NIGHTFALL, WHEN EVERYONE HAD GONE HOME...



... AND AT LAST WE WERE ALONE.

ALONE TOGETHER.

I WALKED TOWARDS HER ACROSS THE MAIN LOBBY, A MASSIVE AND SHADY CUBE OF SILENCE WITH CEILINGS TOO HIGH TO SEE.



SERENE AND BEAUTIFUL SHE STOOD WAITING FOR ME. WAITING.

FOR ME!

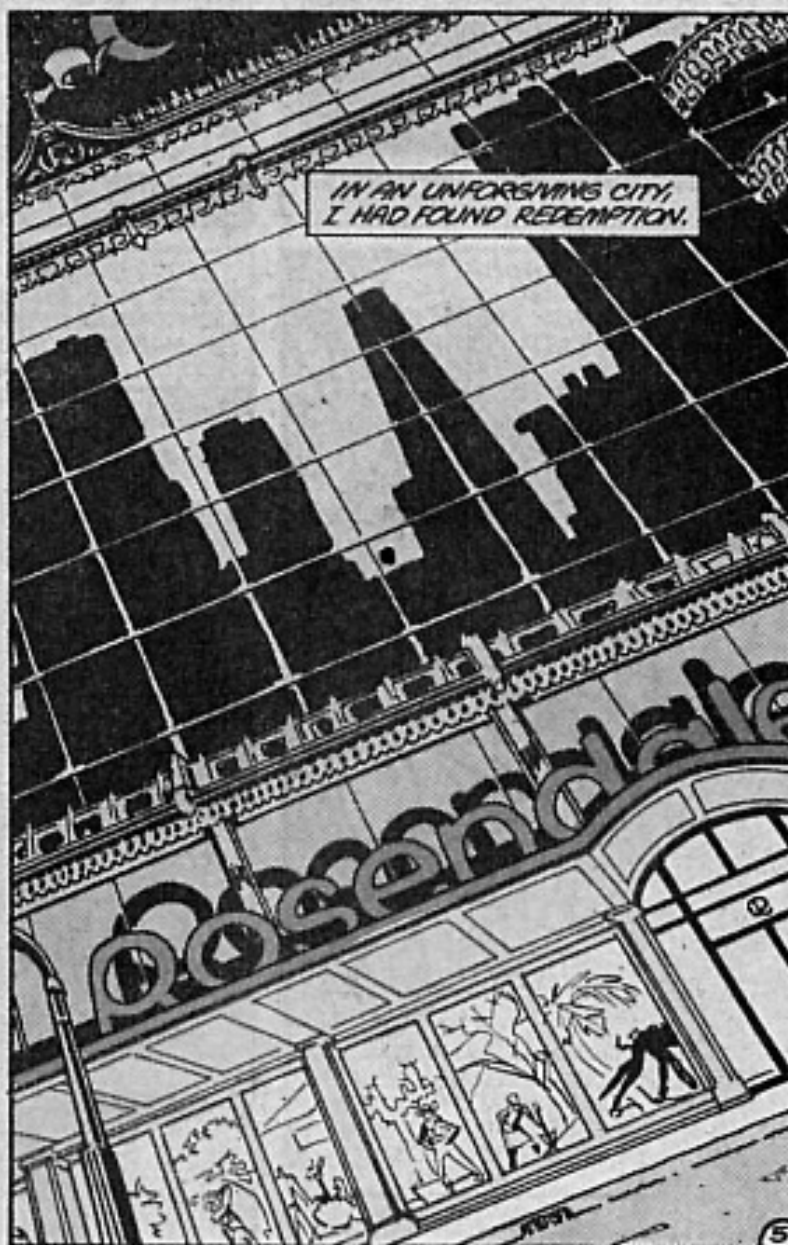


OH HELENA.

WHATEVER CAME LATER, THAT MOMENT WILL STAY WITH ME FOREVER. WE STOOD THERE AND HELD EACH OTHER IN ARMS THAT HAD BEEN EMPTY FOR TOO LONG...



... AND NEITHER OF US SAID A WORD.



IN AN UNFORGIVING CITY, I HAD FOUND REDEMPTION.

MORE THAN THAT, I
HAD FOUND A HOME.

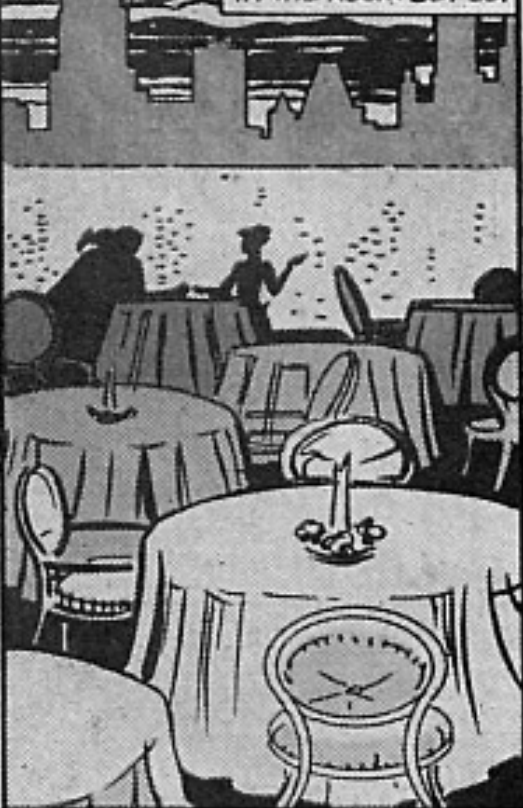
HELENA WAS TRANSFERRED
TO LADIES' EVENINGWEAR ON
THE TWELTH FLOOR, WHILE I
TOOK UP RESIDENCE IN
BEDROOM FURNISHINGS ON
THE FLOOR BELOW.



IT WAS AN IDEAL EXISTENCE.
ONCE I HAD GROWN USED TO
SLEEPING IN CONCEALMENT BY
DAY AND AVOIDING THE FEW
SECURITY GUARDS BY NIGHT,
OUR RELATIONSHIP BLOSSOMED.

AT NIGHT WE WOULD EAT FOOD THAT
I HAD PREPARED IN THE FAMOUS
BAYVIEW RESTAURANT, OUR EYES ONLY
FOR EACH OTHER.

IT WAS AS IF THERE
WERE NO ONE ELSE
IN THE ROOM BUT US.



SOMETIMES, SO AS NOT
TO BECOME FATIGUED
BY EACH OTHER'S
COMPANY, WE WOULD
VISIT FRIENDS.



THEY WERE HELENA'S
FRIENDS, OF COURSE,
BUT I FOUND THEM
EASY ENOUGH TO
TALK TO.

I WAS LIVING WITH THE WOMAN I
LOVED, IN A MANSION STOCKED WITH
EVERYTHING WE SHOULD EVER NEED.
WE HAD FRIENDS, WE WERE SOCIALLY
ACTIVE...



WE HAD A
NORMAL LIFE!

THAT'S ALL I EVER
WANTED, REALLY...



A NORMAL LIFE.



WE HAD THREE MONTHS...
THREE BLISSFULLY HAPPY
MONTHS... AND THEN
EVERYTHING STARTED TO
GO WRONG.



THESE'S
THE ONES?

UH...
LEAVE
JUST TAKE
A LOOK
HERE...

YUP! THESE
ARE THEY... "TWO
F/M MANNEQUINS,
MOVE FROM L/
EVENINGWEAR TO
L/LINGERIE, ONE
DAY ONLY."



LINGERIE, HUH? Y'KNOW, WHEN YOU
WERE A KID, YOU EVER GO DOWN TO THE
STOREFRONT TO WATCH 'EM CHANGING
THE DUMMIES?

HA HA HA! YEAH!

MAN, THAT
AN' THE
NATIONAL
GEOGRAPHIC,
THAT WAS MY
EDUCATION!
HA HA HA!



I REMEMBER WHEN IT ALL
CHANGED: I WOKE A LITTLE
AFTER TEN A.M. AND KNEW
IMMEDIATELY THAT SOME-
THING WAS DIFFERENT.



I RACED UP THE STAIRS TO LADIES'
EVENINGWEAR, KNOWING IN THE
FIT OF MY STOMACH WHAT I SHOULD
FIND THERE...

HELENA?



WHERE WAS SHE? I RAN
FROM DEPARTMENT TO DEPARTMENT,
THE TERROR INSIDE ME MOUNTING
WITH EACH FACE.

AND THEN, JUST
AS I WAS ABOUT
TO SURRENDER TO
DESPAIR...

LING

... I
FOUND
HER...

RIGHT
DREAMS
Brunelleschi

... AND WISHED
TO GOD THAT I
HADN'T.

LIKE A FOOL, I'D BEEN WORRIED
FOR HER SAFETY. I THOUGHT SHE'D
BEEN TAKEN... THAT THE MAN IN
THE CLOAK HAD STOLEN HER! AND
THEN I FIND HER...

FAR FROM HOME.

IN HER
UNDERWEAR.

HOW? HOW COULD SHE
DO THIS TO ME?

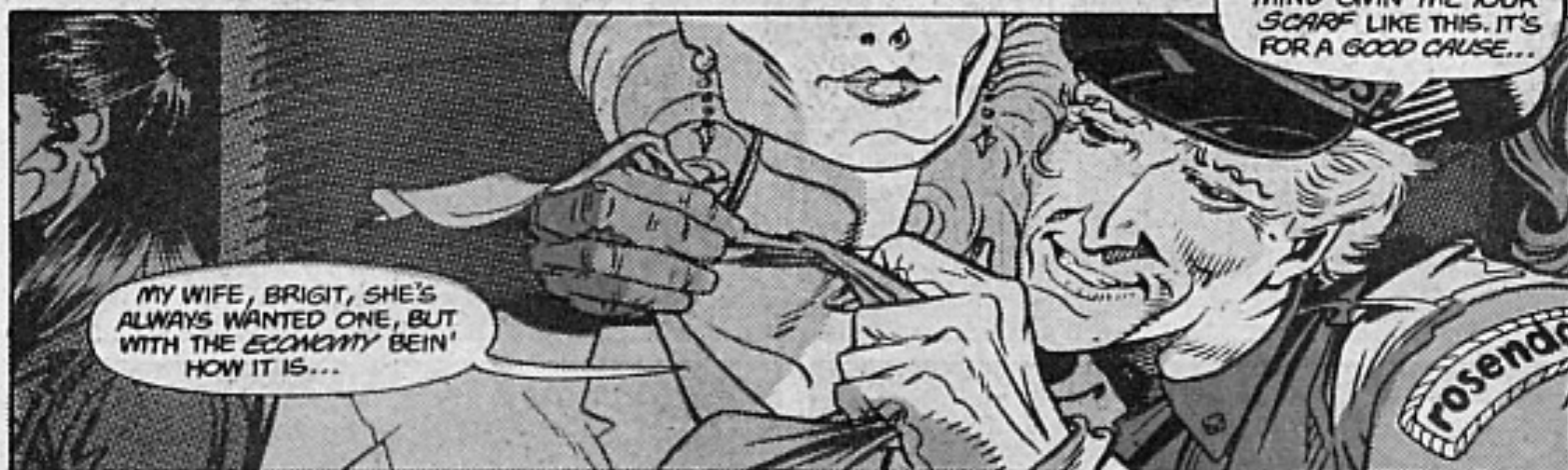
I DIDN'T LET HER KNOW
THAT I'D DISCOVERED HER
TREACHERY. I STALKED BACK
UP TO THE BEDROOM FURNISH-
INGS ALONE, THE BLOOD
CHURNING IN MY HEART, IN
MY HEAD...

MY MIGRAINE WAS RETURNING...
I HADN'T SUFFERED ONCE SINCE
THE SHOCK OF THE WAX MUSEUM
FIRE. I HOPED IT WOULD FADE
BEFORE I WAS FORCED TO
RELIEVE IT.

WHO? WHO WAS
SHE BETRAYING
ME WITH?

THE NEXT NIGHT, SHE WAS BACK IN
LADIES' EVENINGWEAR, PROPERLY
DRESSED. SHE SAID NOTHING ABOUT
HER ABSENCE. NEITHER DID I.

I HAD DECIDED
JUST TO WATCH,
AND TO WAIT...



I WAITED FOR HIM TO LEAVE, AND THEN I SLIPPED OUT UNOBSERVED. I DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE A SCENE, IN FRONT OF HELENA.

ISN'T THAT RIDICULOUS?
I STILL LOVED HER...

... AFTER ALL SHE'D DONE TO ME.





...AND TO MY WIFE.

WOMEN'S WEAR

NEITHER OF US EVER MENTIONED WHAT HAD HAPPENED. PERUSING A NEWSPAPER ONE NIGHT IN MAGAZINES, CIGARETTES AND CONFECTIONERY, I LEARNED THAT THE BODY HAD BEEN FOUND.



I HID THE PAPER FROM HELENA.

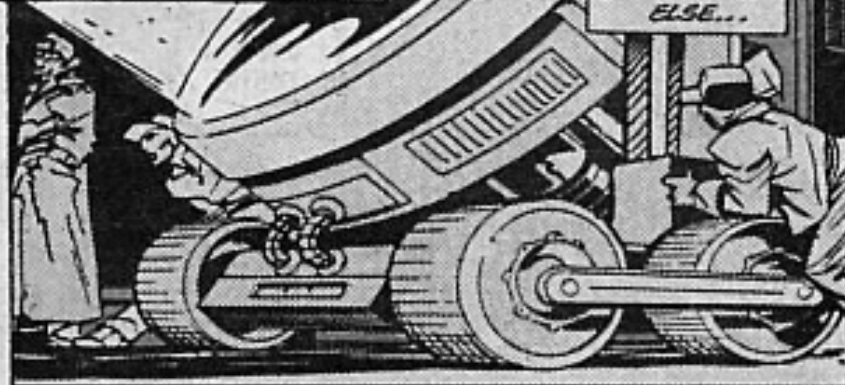
I'D ASSUMED THAT ONCE MY RIVAL STOPPED CALLING ON HER, SHE WOULD RETURN HER FULL AFFECTIONS TO ME. I WAS WRONG.

SHE SEEMED SUDDENLY DISTANT, AND THERE WERE LONG SILENCES AT MEALTIMES...



HAD SHE FOUND OUT ABOUT HER EX-LOVER? NO. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE. THE BODY WOULD HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY UNIDENTIFIABLE.

IT HAD TO BE SOMETHING ELSE...



...OR PERHAPS SOMEBODY ELSE? ANOTHER LOVER? COULD IT BE? SHE'D BETRAYED ME BEFORE...



ONE NIGHT, AT DINNER, I NOTICED THAT HER GAZE WAS TRAINED UPON SOMETHING BEHIND ME, HER LOOK TENDER AND LOVING. I TURNED...

COULD IT BE THAT I WAS OVER-SUSPICIOUS OF HER? COULD IT BE THAT I WAS IMAGINING THINGS?

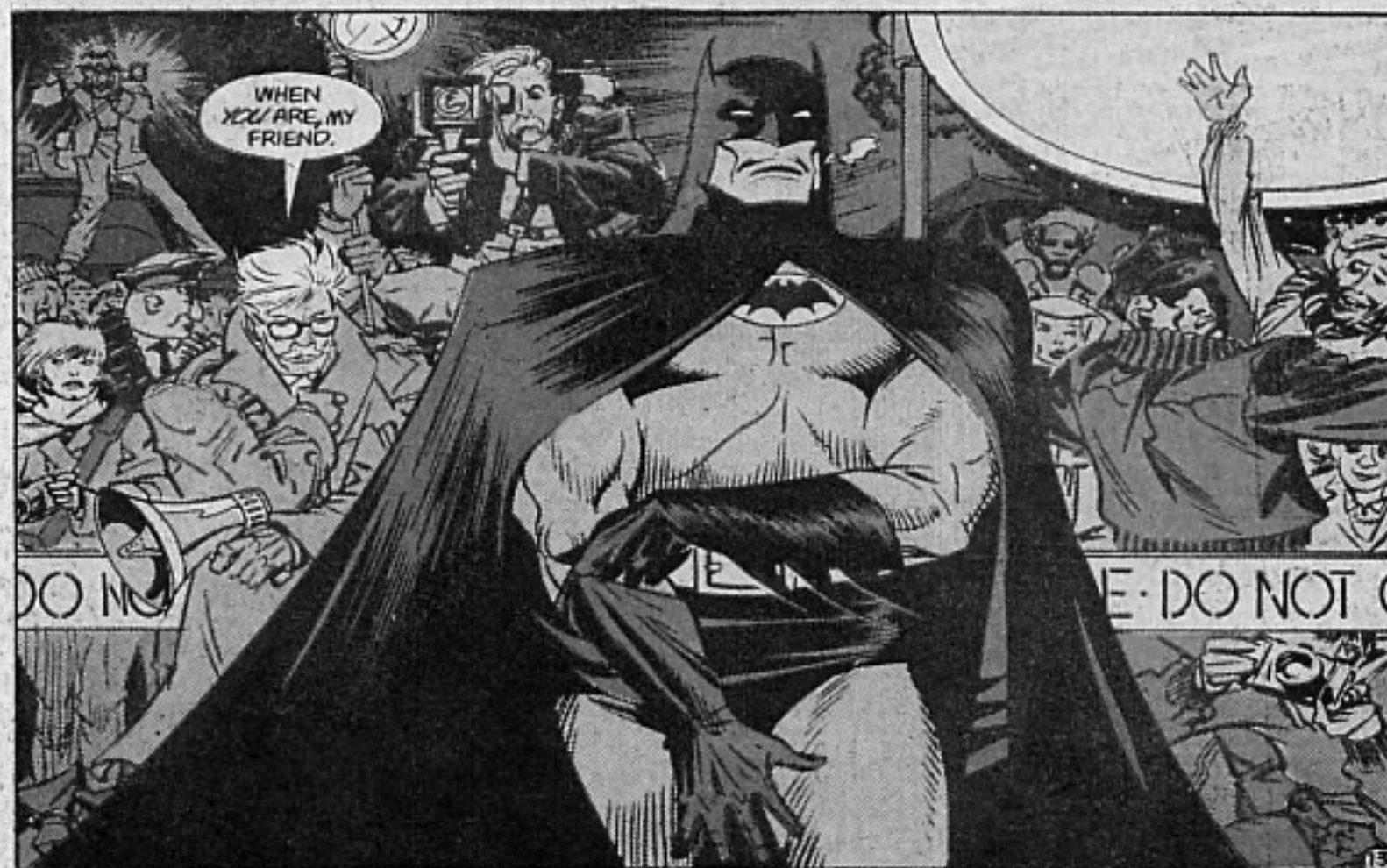


YES. THAT HAD TO BE THE ANSWER. I MUST BE MISTAKEN. IT COULDN'T BE...



...AND I SAW.

SHE PRETENDED TO BE LOOKING AT SOMETHING ELSE, AND I CONFESS I BECAME UNCERTAIN.





WHY DO MEN
DO THE THINGS
THEY DO?



WE ARE SO
WEAK AND
COWARDLY...

PERHAPS
WOMEN ARE
RIGHT TO
DESPISE US.

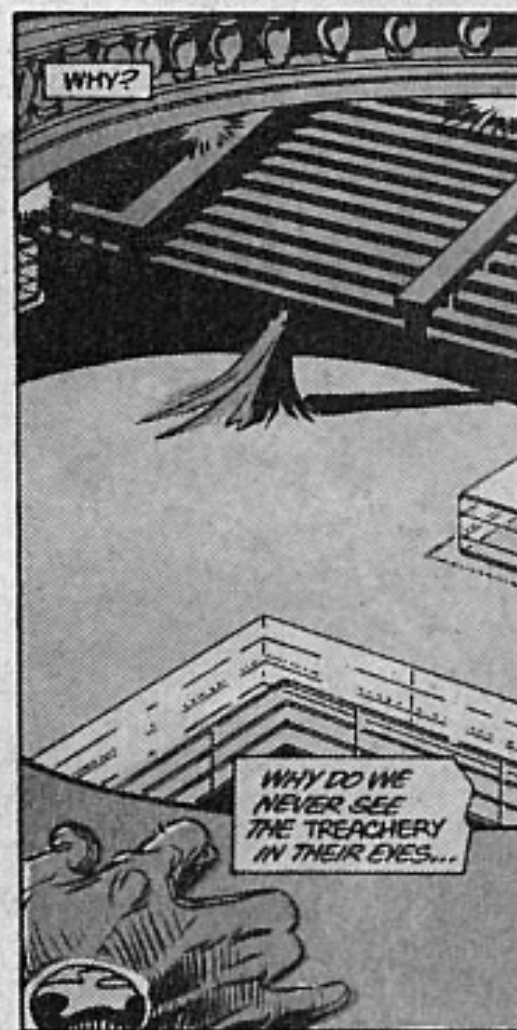


IN LOVE, WE BEHAVE LIKE CHILDREN,
LOST IN THE DARK.

WE CLOSE OUR EYES WHEN WE
KISS, AFRAID LEST WE SHOULD
GLIMPSE THE AWFUL TRUTH...



THAT WE ARE NOT LOVED,
THAT THE OBJECT OF OUR
AFFECTION IS COLD AND
UNFAITHFUL...



WHY?

WHY DO WE
NEVER SEE
THE TREACHERY
IN THEIR EYES...



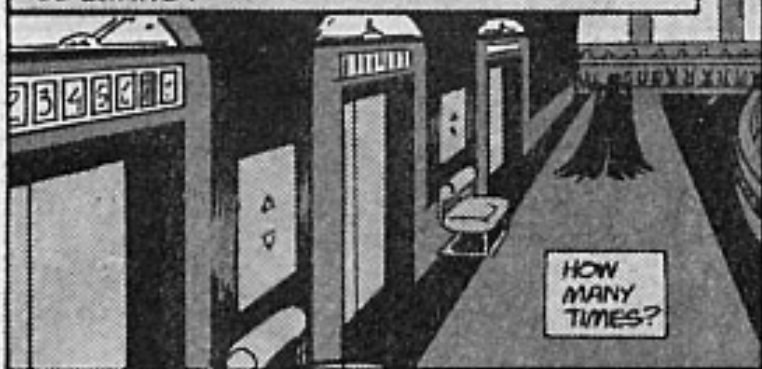
...UNTIL IT IS STARING
US RIGHT IN THE FACE?

I UNDERSTOOD
EVERYTHING.

THEY'D BEEN SEEING EACH OTHER
SINCE THE BEGINNING. THEY'D
PROBABLY PLANNED THE VARK
MUSEUM FIRE TO GET ME OUT OF
THE WAY.



HOW MANY TIMES HAD SHE SUFFERED MY KISSES
WITH AMUSED CONTEMPT, ALL THE WHILE WAITING
FOR THE SIGN IN THE SKY THAT TOLD HER HE WOULD
BE COMING?



HOW
MANY
TIMES?

TO BE HONEST, I NO
LONGER CARED.



I NO LONGER CARED HOW
MUCH OR HOW MANY OR
HOW OFTEN...

I NO LONGER CARED
ABOUT NUMBERS.



THERE WAS ONLY
ONE THOUGHT IN
MY MIND, ONE
UNSHAKABLE
RESOLUTION...

HOW MANY
TIMES?



HOW MANY TIMES HAD HE
STEALTHILY CLIMBED THESE
STAIRS, FROM BOOKS
AND STATIONERY TO
GARDENING ACCESSORIES
AND ON TO LADIES'
EVENINGWEAR?

"NEVER AGAIN."







I LAUGHED. HE WAS SO STUPID. HE WAS HEADING UP INTO THE BUILDING WHEN HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TRYING TO GET OUT.

THE STORE WAS MY HOME. I KNEW EVERY DEPARTMENT, EVERY STAIRCASE, EVERY RESTROOM.

IT WAS MY CASTLE, MY NOCTURNAL KINGDOM. I KNEW ALL OF ITS SECRETS...

I KNEW ALL OF ITS POSSIBILITIES.

ON THE TWELFTH FLOOR, I SAW THAT THE ELEVATOR DOORS STOOD OPEN.

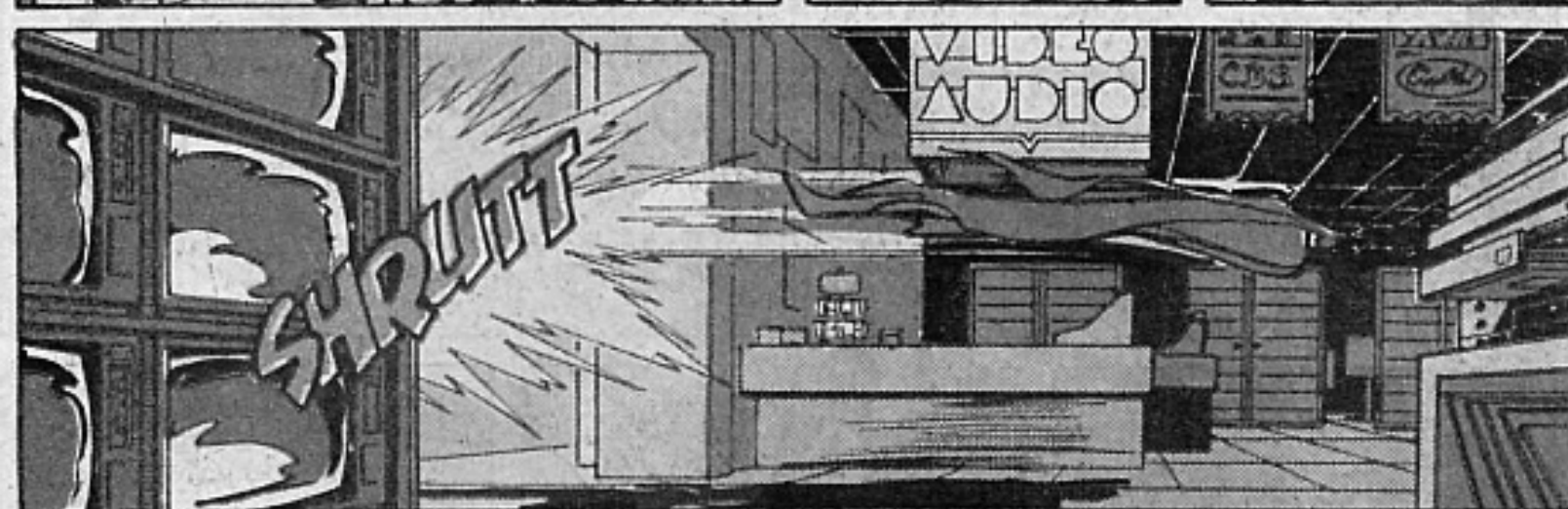
HOW CARELESSLY HE'S REVEALED HIS POSITION TO THINK THAT HE'D BETRAYED ME WITH SUCH A FOOL...

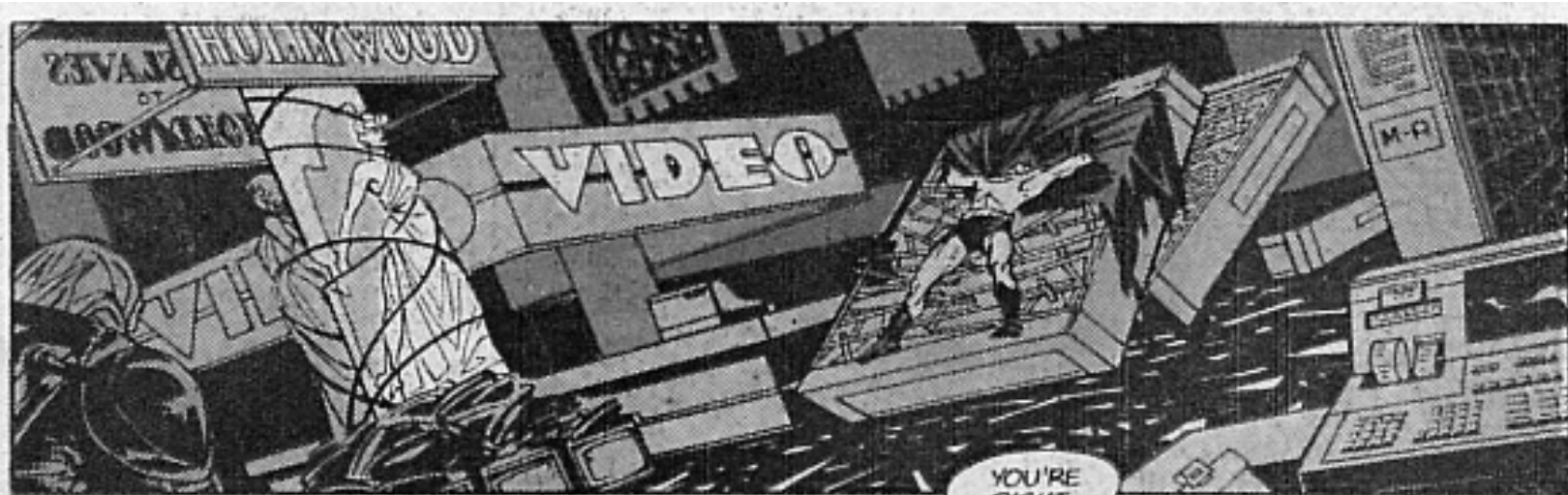
SHIPPING

I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE.

WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT AND GET IT OVER WITH?









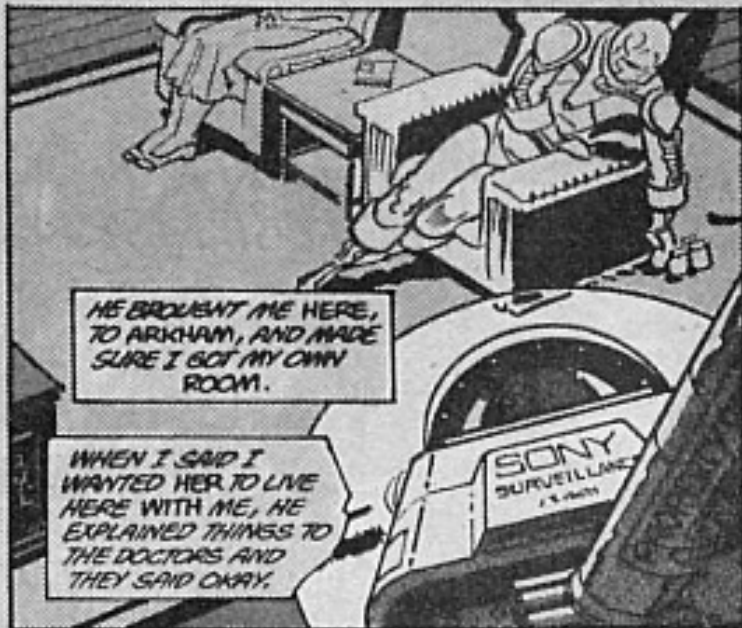
AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT? HE TRIED. HE ACTUALLY TRIED TO HELP US GET BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

I SUPPOSE AFTER WHAT HE'D DONE, IT WAS THE LEAST HE COULD DO.



HE BROUGHT ME HERE, TO ARKHAM, AND MADE SURE I GOT MY OWN ROOM.

WHEN I SAID I WANTED HER TO LIVE HERE WITH ME, HE EXPLAINED THINGS TO THE DOCTORS AND THEY SAID OKAY.



HE TRIED.



TOO BAD IT DIDN'T WORK OUT.

OH, I SUPPOSE WE CAN TOLERATE EACH OTHER ENOUGH TO LIVE TOGETHER, AND NEITHER OF US WANTS TO BE THE FIRST TO MENTION DIVORCE...

BUT THE LOVE... THE LOVE'S ALL DEAD.



HER HABITS AND SNOBBERIES GROW INCREASINGLY IRRITATING. I LONG TO BE RID OF HER, BUT CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO DO ANYTHING.

EACH DAY SHE BECOMES OLDER, DOWDIER... NEVER MIND. ONE DAY I SHALL BE FREE, AFTER ALL...



SHE CAN'T LIVE FOREVER...



THE END

"LOVE BIRD"

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--I BESEECH YOU... GIVE A REPENTANT JAILBIRD THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE AMENDS!

NO LONGER WILL I BE A BIRD OF PREY-- BUT A CONSTRUCTIVE OCCUPANT OF THE SOCIAL NEST--

SET FREE THIS CAGELING SO THAT HE MIGHT MAKE RESTITUTION--

I AM A CHANGED MAN, FELLOW CITIZENS... FOR I HAVE FOUND THE LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN!

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MAX
ALLAN
COLLINS
STORY

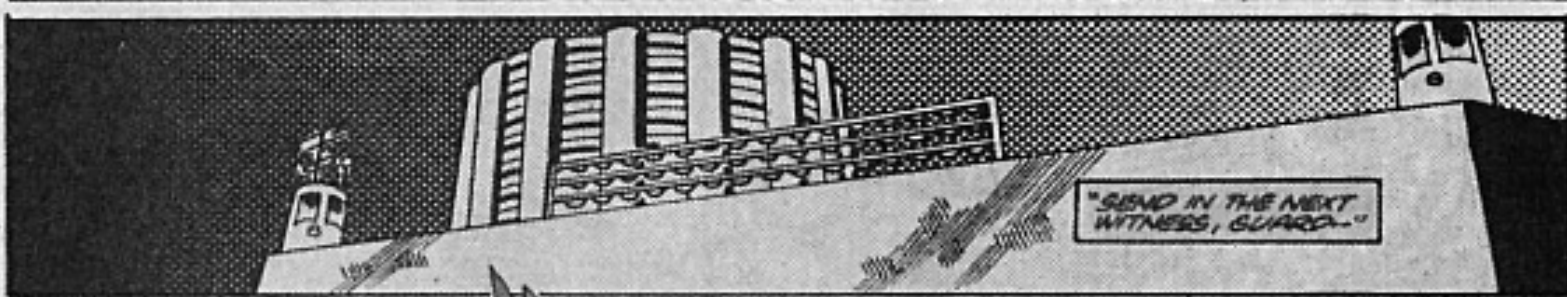
NORM
BREYFOGLE
ARTIST

ALBERT
DEGUZMAN
LETTERER

ADRIENNE
ROY
COLORIST

DENNY
O'NEIL
EDITOR

6-308-9



AT THE REQUEST OF COMMISSIONER GORDON,
WE'VE GRANTED YOUR REQUEST TO BE HEARD
IN THE CASE OF OSWALD C. COBBLEPOT--

ALIAS THE
PENGUIN--YES.
AND THANK YOU
FOR HEARING
ME. NOW--

YOU SHOULD KNOW AT
THE OUTSET THAT SEVERAL
BOARD MEMBERS HAVE
FILED PROTESTS AGAINST
YOUR APPEARANCE HERE--

"PROTESTS? WHY, WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT, NO ONE KNOWS THAT
SCHEMING LITTLE VULTURE BETTER
THAN..."

NO ONE DOUBTS
YOUR FAMILIARITY
WITH MR. COBBLEPOT--
OR YOUR BIAS--

AREN'T YOU PEOPLE FORGETTING
THE FACTS? THE PENGUIN IS NOT
ONLY A MASTER THIEF, HE'S A CON
MAN--DON'T LET HIM FOOL YOU!

"WHY, HE'S BEEN IN AND
OUT OF GOTHAM PRISON
FOR TWENTY YEARS--
THAT CUSTOM PRISONER'S
UNIFORM HE'S ALLOWED
TO WEAR IS PRACTICALLY
AN ANTIQUE!"



AND SOON A DAPPER PAROLEE IS MAKING A SOCIAL CALL --



MY HEART FLUTTERS LIKE A FLEDGLING! COURAGE, PENGUIN, COURAGE...

OSWALD! YOUR PAROLE CAME THROUGH! WHY DIDN'T YOU SEND WORD?!



NO CARRIER PIGEONS ALLOWED IN STIR, MY DEAR.



DOVINA, MY DEAR--YOUR PICTURE DIDN'T DO YOU JUSTICE!

OH--OSWALD-- HOW WELL I FEEL I KNOW YOU, FROM YOUR LOVELY LETTERS--



IMAGINE--WHAT BEGAN AS A SIMPLE EXCHANGE OF MISSIVES, HATCHED IN THE PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE ORNITHOLOGICAL NEWS...



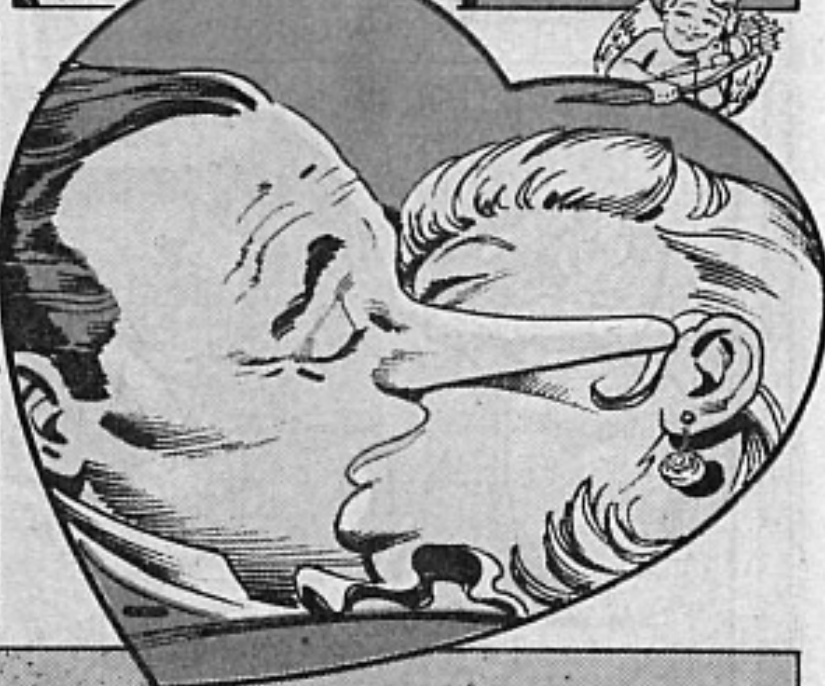
HAS SPREAD ITS WINGS INTO... DARE I SAY IT? A ROMANCE IN FULL FLIGHT!

SAY IT, MY LOVE! SAY IT!



AFTER A PROPER COURTSHIP, DEAR DOVINA, YOU MAY EXPECT A PROPOSAL OF MATRIMONY...

AND YOU MAY EXPECT AN AFFIRMATIVE RESPONSE...ON ONE CONDITION--





HEY, ISN'T IT A LITTLE
EARLY FOR YOU TO BE UP?
IT'S NINE O'CLOCK IN THE
MORNING!

I HAVEN'T
BEEN HOME
YET.



I HEARD
YOU NABBED
THOSE LIQUOR
STORE HEISTERS.
THANKS FOR
THE PROMPT
SERVICE.



FINE. NOW GIVE ME
SOME. WHAT'S THE PENGUIN
UP TO? I HEAR HE'S PUT
THE WORD OUT FOR HIS
OLD CRONIES TO HOOK
UP WITH HIM...

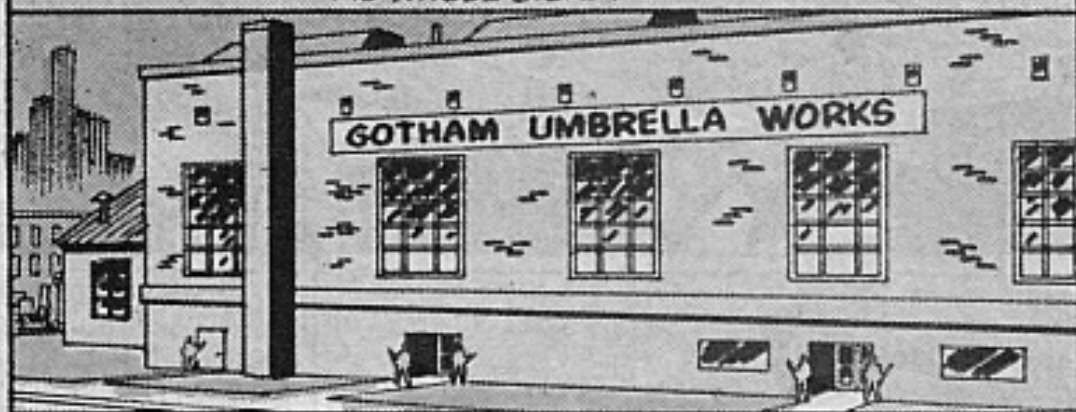


WE HAVEN'T HEARD THAT.
FAR AS WE KNOW, PENGUIN'S
GONE STRAIGHT--HE'S OPENED
AN UMBRELLA FACTORY.

OH,
PLEASE!



"LOOK," GORDON SAYS, "WE'VE BEEN WATCHING MR. COBBLEPOT LIKE A
HAWK--HE SHUTTLES FROM HIS LOVE NEST WITH MISS DOVINA
PARTRIDGE, TO THIS FACTORY HE'S OPENING, AND BACK AGAIN... THAT'S
THE WHOLE STORY!"



PECK

"WHAT'S THE STORY ON HIS GIRL-
FRIEND?" BATMAN ASKS. "GOOD
FAMILY BACKGROUND--VERY UPRIGHT
LADY," SAYS GORDON. "SHE AND PENGUIN
FELL IN LOVE BY MAIL..."



WELL, I MUST FLY MY
LOVE, AN HONEST DOLLAR
CALLS!

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING



MISS PARTRIDGE--I PROMISE YOU I WILL NOT PERSECUTE "OSWALD." IF HE AND I TANGLE, REST ASSURED HE WILL HAVE DESERVED MY ATTENTION--



YOU STRIKE ME AS AN HONORABLE INDIVIDUAL. I WILL TRUST YOUR JUDGMENT.



"WHAT YOU REFER TO AS 'COLLECTING,' I REFER TO AS 'STEALING.' AND IF HE BEGINS 'COLLECTING' AGAIN, I'LL CASE HIM AGAIN."



OH, OSWALD... DO BE A GOOD BOY...



NIGHT FOLLOWS DAY. BATMAN FOLLOWS PENGUIN.



GOTHAM UMBRELLA WORKS

"BUT IF THAT UMBRELLA FACTORY IS FOR REAL, I'LL EAT MY CAPE--"



